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GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT
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YOU WHAT YOU DON'T WANT

Greencastle Herald.

WEATHER FORECAST
Fair south; showers north por-
tion tonight and Tuesday.

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GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, MONDAY, JULY 8, 1907.

PRICE ONE CENT.

TWO WOUNDED IN DUEL

**JOHN BUIS AND HENRY MYERS
VICTIMS OF SHOOTING AFFRAY AT COMMERCIAL PLACE.
EARLY SUNDAY MORNING.
FORMER USED REVOLVER AND
LATER A SHOT GUN. OLD
GRUDGE CAUSES TROUBLE.
SEVERAL WITNESS THE AF-
FAIR.**

shooting. Myers, who is a log hauler lives in a wagon shanty, which he keeps in Commercial Place. He also has several shack barns scattered around in which he stables his horses. The wagon is sitting in the middle of what the Commercial place plat show as unimproved road. Myers neither rents or owns land in Commercial place although he uses several acres for his personal use and allows his horses—sometimes he has as many as 12—to roam around over that part of the country. In fact he is what would be termed in Kansas or western country a "squatter."

The other victim of the shooting affray, John Buis, owns property in Commercial place. His house faces the Washington street pike. Buis is an odd job laboring man.

Myers Has Had Trouble Before.
For several years Myers has made his headquarters at Commercial place. His horses which he has allowed to roam around free have bothered the property owners and residents round there in a point past endurance. On several occasions damage done by the animals to property has caused cases to be filed against Myers which have been settled in the justice's courts.

Bitter feeling between the two persons in Sunday's affray was aroused a few months ago when Buis filed an affidavit charging Myers with cruelty to animals. Myers was fined for the offense and since has often threatened—it is said—to get even with Buis.

Sunday morning Buis put his revolver into his pocket and started down to the house where the Simpson boys, one of whom was arrested Saturday morning charged with theft had lived. He started out to look for some chickens, he says, but on going out of his house he saw several men standing around the Simpson cottage.

The morning before he was one of a posse to chase the Simpson boys when they broke and ran for liberty. One of the boys gave up and was caught but the other, Jess Simpson, who Buis was pursuing, escaped. As he ran he turned and fired at Buis.

Buis Took Revolver Along.
When he went out of his home Sunday morning and saw the men around the Simpson house he believed that there might be some more trouble and going back into his home he got his revolver and put it in his pocket. He told his wife at the time that he feared there might be some more trouble and that he was going to prepare for it.

When he got down to the house, which is about half way between his home and the wagon shack of Myers, he found Thomas Farmer and William Allen. Mr. Farmer had driven over to the Simpson house to get a tub and some other articles which had been stolen from him.

Sam Farrow Angry, Too.
Buis joined them. Just about that time Sam Farrow, who lives not far away, came across Commercial place driving three of Myers' horses which had been on his land. Myers was sitting on the wagon tongue of his

SACRED MUSIC ATTRACTS

An Audience That Taxed the Capacity of the Building Gathers at the Christian Church for Evening of Worship Through Music.

SPLENDID PROGRAM IS GIVEN

Artists of Greencastle are not without praise in their own country. The announcement that one of our lecturers will speak, or one of our musicians render a musical program is enough to insure a large audience for the event. It is no wonder, then, that when announcement was made that nearly all the musicians now residents here, and some formerly here and now living elsewhere, would sing at the Christian church, that so many gathered there as to tax seriously the capacity of the building. And this, too, in spite of the weather, a typical summer evening.

All who came were well repaid. After the opening hymn by the congregation and the scripture lesson and prayer by Rev. O'Haver, the male quartet composed of Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Conley, Mr. Oncley and Mr. Potoff sang "While the Days Are Going By" in a manner that was much appreciated by the audience.

The quartet was followed by the chorus of fifty voices with accompaniment upon trombone, cello and violin by Messrs. Werneke and Grooms and Miss Matern. The chorus work was especially effective and pleasing. The solo by Mrs. Hurst was in her usual excellent manner. It was entitled "The New Born King." After singing by the congregation Mr. Maxwell gave a solo, "Ship Ahoy." Mr. Maxwell never fails to hold his audience breathless, and this solo was no exception to the rule.

All were anxious to hear Miss Marquis after her study abroad, and all were delighted with the tone and volume produced and technique displayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell sang a duet "He Knows." Again there was chorus work, and then Mrs. Walter Brown of Chicago gave the waiting audience a treat that living have sadly missed since Mrs. Brown has been gone from our city. The program closed with singing by the congregation and benediction by Rev. Canbie.

A silver offering was made for the hospital fund and sufficient money was received to net the hospital some \$25 after all the expenses of the concert are paid. Greencastle is deeply indebted to the musicians who took part, and to Mr. Maxwell who directed, for an evening inspiring and uplifting as well as most enjoyable.

The organists for the evening were Miss Burnside, Mrs. F. A. Hays and Miss Potter.

TROUBLE FOR INTERURBAN

Complaint Made That Cars Far Exceed Speed Limit on Seminary Grade. Much Dust Excites Housekeepers. Private Yards Make Poor Station.

Already a considerable number of people have complaint to make against the interurban. The first charge is that the cars coming into town vastly exceed the speed limit in coming down the grade of Seminary Street. The cars are by no means under control, and a quick stop at the speed made, it is claimed, would be impossible. Many persons have estimated the speed down grade at not less than twenty miles an hour

which is some twelve miles greater than allowed by franchise, and too great to allow of the car being stopped in case of vehicles or children suddenly crossing the track.

Housekeepers along the line are also on the war path, declaring that during this dry weather the cars raise such clouds of dust that the houses are almost uninhabitable. This reminds us that in the original franchise the company was to sprinkle the street, but that at McGowan's "suggestion" this clause was stricken out.

Third and last, the cars do not go down Seminary to the place of the station, but stop at the crossing of College Ave. The crowds that gather to see as well as board the cars cluster on the lawns of private individuals and upon the property of College Avenue church, doing much damage, and making both crowd and cars a nuisance. It is hoped that all these things will soon be remedied.

"NUDE MAN" STILL IN JAIL

Edwin Cory Who Was Found Wading in the Creek Saturday Morning is in Better Mental Condition Than When Found. May Know Something of the Circumstances of Fred Wilson's Death.

With his mental faculties in a much better condition than when he was arrested Saturday and brought to jail in a nude condition, from the creek where he had been all night, Edwin Cory still is in jail.

After further search on the creek banks the man's clothing, excepting his trousers, were found. A pair of the latter were secured for him by the sheriff. He is now in the jail corridor with the other prisoners.

Cory is much better than he was when first taken to jail. He says he left St. Louis to work as waiter at a railroad camp near Indianapolis. When he got there he decided that he did not want the job and he and a partner started to walk back to St. Louis.

After passing Hadley on his way back he remembers nothing. He says that he believes the heat effected his mind. What will be done with the man the officers have not yet decided.

There has been a belief that he knew something about the death of Fred Wilson, the interurban laborer, who was found dead near Barnaby's mill Friday morning. Cory was taken before the coroner this morning during the investigation of Wilson's death but nothing was learned from him. A charge of vagrancy may be placed against him so that he may be held awaiting developments.

STRUCK THE TRUSTEE

Mrs. Laura Brown Angered at the Evidence Given in the Hester Trial Strikes Trustee Evans of Warren Township.

Mrs. Laura Brown, who filed the charge of assault and battery against Miss Hester, was so incensed at the testimony given in the case by Trustee Evans that he made an attack upon that gentleman at the close of the trial Monday. Mr. Evans had testified that he made an examination of the boy and found only two slight bruises at the points of the shoulder blades. These he said might have been caused by a chair back. This was contrary to evidence produced by the prosecution, and it angered Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Evans filed an affidavit against Mrs. Brown for assault and battery and also filed against her husband, Randolph Brown, for provoke. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were on their way home by the time the affidavits were made out and a deputy was sent after them to catch them on the road and serve the papers.

AN EPIDEMIC OF MURDER

PROBABLY FATAL BLOW STRUCK IN QUARREL AT THE RATCLIFF CONSTRUCTION CAMP JUST WEST OF THE CITY

SKULL FRACTURED WITH CLUB

Heavy Piece of Two by Four in the Hands of a Deperate Man Crushes the Head of Laborer Davis.

The bacillus, or whatever it be that incites men to murder is plentiful in the vicinity of Greencastle. Murder is epidemic. Within three months three men have been truck down by club or bullet, and a fourth was probably murdered, though proof of that fact can not be found.

The latest of these homicides occurred Sunday night about six o'clock at the camp of the Ratcliff Brothers, contractors, on the interurban west of town. Two men, Ratcliff and Davis, became involved in a quarrel, the details of which are not known. From words they passed to blows, and at last Davis picked up a piece of scantling, or two-by-four, several feet in length, and pitched it, endwise, with all his strength at the head of Ratcliff. The blow was well aimed, and the heavy timber reached his mark, crushing the upper part of the head and the ear, fracturing the skull, and leaving the victim unconscious upon the ground. Davis at once fled.

Dr. McGaughey was called to the scene of the fight and found the man still unconscious. He has remained in a comatose state ever since being struck, and his recovery is very doubtful.

Up to noon Monday no attempt had been made to apprehend the striker who was reported to be waiting at the lower camp to see what would be the result of his blow, and what action the officers would take.

I. O. O. F. WILL CELEBRATE

Program Planned in Honor of the 60th. Anniversary of the Founding of the Order in Greencastle.

On Wednesday evening, July the 10th, at 8 o'clock the members of the Putnam Lodge No. 45 I. O. O. F. will celebrate the 60th anniversary of the founding of the order in Greencastle. An interesting program will be given. Refreshments will be served. The program is not yet complete but will be published tomorrow. All Odd Fellows and their ladies are cordially invited to be present.

BOUND OVER TO COURT

Albert Simpson is Charged with Theft. Preliminary Hearing Saturday Afternoon. Much Stolen Goods Found in the Home of the Boys in Commercial Place.

At the preliminary hearing Saturday afternoon of Albert Simpson, arrested Saturday morning by a posse of persons who live in the neighborhood of the Tin Plate Mill, the prisoner was bound over to the circuit court. He, with his brother, Jess Simpson are accused of committing numerous thefts in the neighborhood where they live.

When the posse surrounded the house in Commercial Place Saturday morning, Jess, the youngest, escaped by running. He shot at the men who were pursuing him. It is not known that he passed through Maple Heights as he ran from his pursuers. When he left his home he had no hat but he secured one from some one who lives in the vicinity of Maple Heights.

In the house were found numerous stolen articles. They belonged to persons who live in the neighborhood. The engine which stood in the brick yard near Commercial place was stripped of its brass by the boys and who sold it to a traveling junk dealer.

The woman, who the prisoner says is his cousin, and her children who were living in the house with them, left today for Marion. They told the police that the boys had stolen the brass and had sold it. Where the boy were all Friday night while the officers and posse were looking for them is still a mystery. It is believed that they were out on a thieving expedition.

The quartet composed of Mrs. Cha. Walter Brown, Miss Jean Allen and Messrs. Conely and Oncley sang splendidly at the College Avenue church Sunday morning. Mrs. Brown's offertory was greatly appreciated. Dr. Hoagland preached an half-hour sermon on the subject, "The Cloud of Witnesses." The congregation was large although the weather was warm.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

A. G. Aker and Anna Leota Long, Andrew Appel and Nellie Hutcherson.

DEATHS WERE ACCIDENTS

Coroner Finds That Fred Wilson and Noble Welsh Were the Victims of Accident.

The County Coroner, Dr. O'Brien, who has been investigating the deaths of Fred Wilson and Noble Welsh who were found dead or dying, rendered his finding in both cases this morning. Many witnesses were examined, but no evidence of anything but accidental death in either case was produced. It is felt by the coroner and others, however, that Wilson was the victim of foul play, and that the verdict of accidental death, could all the facts be brought to light, would be changed to a verdict of murder. There are as yet no witnesses to confirm this feeling, and the suspicion will doubtless remain merely a suspicion.

The coroner finds that Fred Wilson and Noble Welsh came to their deaths by being struck by a railroad engine on the night of July 3d, 1907. Wilson was found by the Big Four track, and Noble Welsh was struck by the Vandalia train at Limesdale, was brought to Greencastle and died in Dr. Tucker office.

Magazines

I take subscriptions for and keep in stock a complete line of Magazines.

S. C. Sayers, Prop.

FIRST INTERURBAN VICTIM

LEROY SMITH WHILE STEALING A RIDE ON OTHER SMALL BOYS ON THE CAR SLIPS AND IS THROWN ON HIS HEAD IN THE STREET.

JUST MISSED GOING UNDER CAR

Received Long Gash on Forehead and His Nose and Face are Badly Bruised. Should be a Lesson to the Others.

Leroy, ten year old son of E. A. Smith of 636 East Washington street slipped away from home this morning and caught the interurban car near Bloomington street, hung on the outside until he had passed Arlington, where he tried to jump off but slipped and was thrown to the ground. He narrowly missed rolling to his death underneath the wheels but as it is, he has a long scar across one side of his forehead and the left side of his face was ground up painfully by the fine stone.

The coming of the interurban was too great a temptation and the boys have been "hooking on" for a ride on Seminary street ever since the first car arrived. Besides being extremely dangerous for the boys it has caused a great deal of nervousness to the residents of that street to see the youngsters holding on where ever they could and sometimes even scrambling with each other for the best place. It is the conductor's business to prevent this and why it has not been done is beyond comprehension but it is to be hoped that they have learned their lesson now.

Visiting Cards—Finest Engraving. 100 cards, script style, and new plate, \$1.50; 100 cards, from your own plate, \$1.00. Star and Democrat Office. 4-w

THE 'LOG-HAULER' MAY DIE

Thirty-Two Calibre Bullet Entered Breast and Passed Though Liver and is in Critical Condition. Buis Wounded on Left Side by Shot but His Condition is Not Critical.

ONE ARRESTED AND IS IN JAIL

Two men, John Buis and Henry Myers, are badly injured as the result of a dual shooting affray at Commercial Place at near 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Myers was shot in the breast with a 32 calibre revolver. The bullet was taken out of the right side of his back just under his arm. It passed through his liver and peritoneum and its victim is in a critical condition.

Buis was shot with a double barreled shot gun. Two charges were fired and shots from both charges hit the mark. His left side from his knee to his head is full of shot holes. Twenty-six of the little leaden pellets struck him.

The latter is not badly injured. Myers is in a much more critical condition. Buis was arrested this morning and now is in jail.

Trouble Started a Year Ago.
Trouble which started more than a year ago is responsible for the

Screen Doors Screen Windows

Screen Wire, Lawn Mowers, Lawn Hose, Cream Freezers, A full line of summer goods, 5 and 10c goods, Crockery, Stoneware, Hardware, Gasoline Stoves and Ovens.

A Few Second-Hand Cook Stoves and Ranges

Good as new. Money savers if you buy now.

Gasoline Stoves Repaired. Screen Doors Repaired and Hung.

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HIGERT BROS.

South Side Square
A. R. HIGERT, Prop.

MOVING PICTURES

**The Slave's Love (1,000 feet, colored)
Not So Foolish As He Looks (comic)
The Billiard Fever
The Herring Fishery (something good)**

*This is the Night the Present is Given Away.

Evans Bros. Moving Picture Show

OVER RED CROSS DRUG STORE. Admission 10 Cents



Summer Prices for Summer Buyers

Many shrewd buyers make it a practice to wait for the coming of the summer months and the "dull season" before looking for furniture bargains, knowing full well that the real bargains will come then. The furniture bargain season is here—arrived with the hot weather.

Everything for the home can be found in our store now and at prices which will warrant your purchasing here.

WE FURNISH YOUR HOME COMPLETE

E. B. LYNCH

HOUSE FURNISHER AND FUNERAL DIRECTOR

TELEPHONE 12-14 NORTH JACKSON ST.

From July 1 to Aug. 15 our store will be closed each evening at 6 o'clock, excepting on Monday and Saturday nights

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If you will get ten new subscribers to The Herald at \$3.00 a year, the Star and Democrat Publishing Co. will give you a \$23 ticket, with all its guarantees, absolutely free. If you are not able to get ten paid-in-advance subscribers, The Herald will allow you a credit on a ticket to Jamestown for every subscriber you bring in. In this way you get paid for all the work you do. Another way to go to

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Get up a party of ten to go to the Exposition at the rate of \$23 for adults, which includes car fare going and returning and eight days sleeping accommodation in Tent City, and we will give you one ticket FREE.

If you want to go to the Exposition one of these plans will surely appeal to you.

For any information apply to the HERALD office

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Amateur first night in Vaudeville Theatre. Retribution.

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Admission 10 cents. Children under 12 years 5 cents.

THE SAVING OF OLLIE

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"I'm worried!"

It was the third time Sabra Card had said it. The anxious lines on her forehead and about her good, red mouth bore it out. She let her mending slide from her knees and the slender foot on the cradle-rocker ceased its joggling. The drowsy baby opened its eyes.

"Mother's worried, son!" she cried, bending over the puffed little face. "Tell mother what to do." But the baby proffered no advice. How could he know day after tomorrow was voting day up here in the hills?—that voting day meant temptation, and that temptation meant father?

"Ollie's been such a good boy all this while," the woman murmured with a little spurt of tenderness. Ten—eleven months, was it?—since—yes, it was 11 months that he had been such a good boy. It had taken about a month to get over last voting day.

Well, she must think. She must sit here and think harder than ever. Why could she not think of a way to save Ollie?

A shadow fell across the baby's quilt, and she glanced up hastily. Dread clutched at her throat. Could the temptation already have begun? But it was not Oliver Card in the doorway. It was the big, imposing figure of "the Square." Sabra arose in confusion. The Square was Windy Hill's great man.

"Ollie 'round?"

"No; he ain't got home yet."

"Sho; that's too bad. I counted on seeing Ollie. Just—er—a little matter of business, Mrs. Card. These are business days. Well, I can't wait until dark; I've got to hunt up some other men." He rolled toward the door with the gait of one whose ancestors at least had followed the sea. But in the doorway he turned.

"Don't happen to know Ollie's—er—ticket, do you?" he inquired with an



"He Thought He Could Hire Me to Hire Ollie!" She Raged.

air of disinterestedness. "You don't remember to have heard Ollie mention his man for senator, I suppose? Didn't know but you might have heard him mention the matter. Clifford D. Ross is a particular friend of mine." There was quiet emphasis on the last.

"Virgil McNeill is who Ollie's going to vote for," responded Ollie's wife with promptness. "I've heard him tell times enough. And I'd vote for him, too, if I had my rights—he's temperance. Your party'd ought to put up better men instead of worse ones if you want us to split our tickets!" Sabra was dauntless in her politics, and her convictions were as sacred as her religion. "Ollie's going to vote for McNeill," she repeated, decisively, but she had not reckoned on her man. The great man of Windy Hill was possessed of patience, also, of wile.

The small one in the cradle stirred, and called for more joggling.

"Hullo, what have we here?" The great man was coming back into the humble little room. The look of interest on his shaven face was not lost upon the small one's mother. She lifted the warm little morsel from the cradle and displayed it proudly on her knee.

"Tr-tr-tr!" trilled the great man, making eyes at the baby and snapping his fingers boisterously. "Would he come to me, think?"

"Why, of course—wouldn't you, son? You'll go to the nice, kind gentleman, won't you?" laying the tiny bundle in the outstretched arms.

"That's the ticket—here we are! Now we'll see who you look like—Ollie, as I live! He's the image of his father, Mrs. Card. That's all right, young man; you couldn't do better."

Very gentle the great man loosed the tiny grip from his watch-chain and laid the little one back on its mother's knees. The frolic was over.

"Good-by, little chap; don't forget the old fellow! Sorry Ollie isn't at home. Good afternoon, Mrs. Card." And he was gone. The humble little room was a humble little room once more, its transient, borrowed greatness departed with the Square.

"He's a nice man—he held you right in his arms, son? Right in his arms, and him worth all his thousands! There ain't a richer man in this country than the Square. And influence—my! We wish father could a-voted for him, don't we, Little Son? Then—my! who knows what he might've done for father!"

She caught the little red fist in her tender palms and kneaded it gently between them.

"What!" she cried. "What, son!" or a crumpled, moist wad of paper

peeped from the fist—came gradually into view as she unrolled it. She stared, uncomprehending, then comprehending. It was—had been—a crisp new bill. "Son! Son, it's ten dollars! He's left ten dollars in your little hand! The Square did it, Little Son!" She sat and stared in a sort of paralysis. It was the first great happening in her experience. To Sabra Card ten dollars, fallen like manna from heaven, was little short of a miracle—yet a miracle she could explain. The Square had done it.

It was wealth to Sabra Card. It meant luxuries, unattainable hitherto, unthought-of. All for Little Son—the little, dainty things that mothers covet and dream over.

The Square was a nice—oh, a nice man! It was good, good, good of him to do it! To leave it for the baby, in his darling little fist! He had admired Little Son so much, of course that was why. What other reason could he have? She got no further than that, for suddenly, like a thunderbolt, came enlightenment. It blinded her. She felt dizzy in the grip of it.

That was why. Now she understood. It was plain enough—plain enough now. And she had thought it was Little Son! She had mumbled on about what a nice man—oh, nice man, the Square was! He had admired the baby so much—that was why! It was all clear enough now to Sabra Card. No one ever before had tried to bribe them—hire them before.

"He thought he could hire me to hire Ollie!" she raged.

Sabra Card was a woman of hot impulses—hot little rages that died out soon. She felt even now reaction coming on. Spent with her emotions, she dropped back into her rocker and sat very still. The baby went to sleep.

"Ollie'll take your advice; he'd do anything to please you, anyway. Except—well, hasn't he done that for most a year? Doesn't that show how much he'd do for you? There's nobody on Windy Hill loves his wife more than Ollie loves you. Think of the way he nurses you through your bad spells—"

Sabra was thinking. As plainly as she had seen Little Son riding in red plush state she saw Ollie now sitting beside her bed helping her through her days of pain. She saw his tender face, and once she had seen his tears of pity. Oh, yes, Ollie loved her! He would do anything, even—that, if his courage held, for his plain little faded wife.

The bad spells were the blots on Sabra Card's otherwise uneventful monotonous life. They were due to some mysterious malady that clutched at her fiercely, cruelly, when heaven and earth swam in a mist of pain, and only Ollie, sitting there always beside her, was real. There had not been a bad spell for more than a year now.

Windy Hill was not a large place, but every vote in it was canvassed carefully before voting day. The rivalry between parties, always keen, promised to be keener than ever this year, all over the state. The party leaders were putting their hands deep into their pockets. Little Son's fistful was but a drop in an overflowing bucket. It was to be a fight to the death.

Before Oliver Card got home, Sabra knew what she had to do to save him. She had it all planned out. It must involve a sin, but it would be her sin, not Ollie's. It would be her lie; she had a right to lie if it involved only herself, hadn't she? When it was to save Ollie? The angel who kept accounts would set it down against only her name.

The next night she set about it. There was hurry, for at sunrise next morning the polls would open.

"Ollie—they were at tea—"I'm afraid one's coming on," she said, steadily.

"Not a bad spell?" He dropped his knife with a clatter. "You don't mean a bad spell, Sabra?"

"Yes," without flinching, though the horror of lying was worse than the honest horror of pain. Sabra had never lied before.

"My Lord, it ain't begun?" he gasped. This was his dread, too, and he had lived under the shadow of it with her. "Sabra poor little girl, don't you go to worrying. I'm goin' to be right here."

"You won't leave, Ollie?"

"Have I ever, little girl?" he reproached her. Oh, it was terrible to lie! It was worse than she had thought, even.

"But to-morrow, Ollie; to-morrow's voting day—"

Oliver Card was not a swearing man, but in the stress of his emotions now he swore unstintingly. What were all the voting days in all the calendars to her need of him? Let them elect the evil one; he would not desert his little girl!

She feigned sleep to please him—it was only one more lie. And in his momentary relief he slept honestly.

Then Sabra Card's release came in a miraculous way. Honest pain came to her and saved her soul. She knew, lying there with Ollie sitting beside her—quite unexpectedly, suddenly, she knew that there would be no more need of lying. For a real "one" was coming on. And Sabra Card welcomed it.

"Thank the Lord!" she breathed. "I never expected to see the day I'd say that, but it's to-day! I haven't got to lie any more—oh, I'm glad it's coming on! I can lay here and suffer honest."

A loud knock startled the quiet of the little home. With uneasy eyes Sabra Card looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was 4:40—there was still time for dreaded things to happen.

"Don't go to the door, Ollie," she whispered, stretching impudently hands. Then, native courtesy asserted itself. "Yes, yes, go!" she cried, "but come right back—lay the baby on the bed with me."

He tiptoed clumsily across the room, still tenderly mindful of her. At the door a subdued dialogue took place. She could hear the voices and nearly all that they said. One voice filled her with dismay, for it was the Square's. The Square!—would the clock-hands never move, the minute-hand never crawl to five! Was it all going to prove a failure at this last minute!

"Can't do it, Square"—Ollie's voice—"she's been awful sick. I can't leave."

"Only for a minute, man. You can run down and back in no time—there's still a chance for you to get your vote in. No, don't go in and ask her and take up time!—I tell you, you're gone! She's better—didn't you just tell me she was? Off with you, man! Run every step if you want to."

Sabra was sitting up in bed, listening in anguish. She had her hand across the baby's babbling little lips to hush them.

"Hurry, man, can't you! Do you think they're going to keep the polls open for you? That's right—that's right—here, take my hat. Now sprint! Sh, sho, that's nothing, just a little trifle to get her luxuries with."

Sabra Card heard no more. With a groan she fell back on her pillows and her shaking hand released the child's indignant remonstrances. In the depths of the pillows Sabra Card fought out her misery and disappointment. It had all been in vain—all her pain. For, in her weakness and dread, she forgot that it had not after all been the pretended pain, but the real that must have come anyway. She might have spared herself the awfulness of it, she told herself unreasonably. It had not saved Ollie—Ollie had gone running to the polls this last minute to vote for the Square's man—the man who wasn't temperance—that Ollie despised. The Square had bought him this last minute—bought Ollie—bought him! She hadn't saved him. She had suffered for nothing.

In the stress of her excitement she entertained the other dread, too. She forgot how short a time there was for it to happen in—it would happen. They would tempt Ollie to drink. She should hear his step on the walk and it would be unsteady. He would come in and not dare to meet her eyes—oh, she knew it all! Had she forgotten?

But he tramped in steadily and hurried to the bed. He looked straight at her—straight in her eyes.

"Sabra—little girl—you ain't worse? I kind of thought I'd ought to go—I ran every step o' the way there and back. I wasn't but just in time."

She did not stir or speak. She was afraid to speak, for fear she should say the bitter things that were in her heart. "Before I'd be bought and paid for!"—for fear she should say that she told herself, lying there, that she had married a weakling. She pitied herself. She had forgotten that she

had mistrusted him all along; the mistrust seemed something new and broke her heart.

"Let me take the little shaver," he pleaded, humbly.

"He's all right where he is."

"Let me shake up your pillows; they're all in a muss."

"I'd rather have 'em in a muss."

"Well, I'm goin' to make you a dish o' gruel, anyway." His voice was toned with sympathy. He turned away and began to clatter tins.

"I don't want any! Don't you make me any gruel!" she cried, sharply. Her voice sounded very loud, but it needed to be. Ollie seemed a great way off from her. She shuddered—he would always be a great way off.

"Sabra—little girl." He was back at the bedside. His voice was appealing and tender. He leaned down and rubbed her hair with a grizzled cheek.

"You're all wore out, little girl, an' no wonder! You ain't cross with me—you're just wore out. I don't blame you for wantin' gruel. I wish I could afford to get you luxuries, Sabra."

"Well, why don't you?" She did not look at him nor try to temper the harshness of her voice. "I s'pose you can afford to now."

What! Suddenly the man laughed out in the relief of understanding. He saw it all now.

"You heard what the Square said out to the door—you thought that, little girl!" he cried in tender reproach.

"Oh, Sabra, ain't you ashamed o' yourself for thinkin' that! Did you suppose I'd take his money an' do his dirty votin' for him?—run all the way there an' back to do it? But it come hard to give up luxuries for you, little gal—"

"Ollie!" She sat up and caught him to her in a little frenzy of joy. There was not time now to reproach herself or be ashamed. There was only time to be jubilant and rock him in her arms.

"Ollie, gruel is a luxury—make me some gruel—quick!"

Shocking Fog Away.

Fog dissipation by electric discharges has proven more effective than when it is water only, the solid particles seeming to become charged and to be then repelled, precipitating particles of vapor with which they collide. With a bundle of spikes as radiator, a space of some yards can be cleared in a few seconds.

It Does, Too.

Askitt—What is that quotation about a friend in need?

Not a friend in need keeps a man broke.—Illustrated Bits.

BEAN POT NOT IN FAVOR.

Boston Women Objected to It as Emblem of Homecoming Week.

Boston is not to be represented by a flaring red label and a pot of presumably superb Boston baked beans, says the Post of that city. That is, only partially will she be represented thus.

Certain of the clubwomen of the city have faithfully considered the city's reputation of culture and quality and have decided that it would be folly to send out stickers giving the vulgar world to understand that our culture lay in the baking of beans.

Delegates from all the women's patriotic societies met Wednesday afternoon in the Twentieth Century club and discussed things connected with the celebration of Old Home week in Boston.

The Indian sign was put on the mayor's pot baked-bean stickers.

It was suggested that a sticker bearing a representation of Faneuil hall be used instead and at this point Thomas Anderson of Mayor Fitzgerald's publicity bureau arose and made haste to explain that the quick ones had been quicker to see that the baked-beans stickers had fallen flat and that stickers of a more dignified character were in preparation.

Neat little bundles of the pot and beans stickers were passed around, but the delegates gracefully repudiated them by saying that they guessed they

HAD HIS EXCUSE READY.

Private's Good Reason for Sailing Under Distinguished Alias.

Walter Wellman, the noted explorer, journalist and aeronaut, was discussing on the Carmanla, on the way to America, an English aeroplane that had failed.

"The machine," Mr. Wellman said, "is no good, and it never will be any good. Its inventor's excuse for its failure—he blamed the wind, the motor, a loose screw—begged the question as the private did in the civil war. 'This private escaped from camp one night, visited town, and in returning was waylaid by a sentry.'"

"Who goes there?" the sentry called in the darkness.

"Gen. Grant," the private answered in the voice of one who has consumed 11 beers and nine whiskies.

"And thereupon the disgraced sentry knocked the man down with his musket butt."

"Jim Jobbins," the sentry exclaimed, recognizing the private as he helped him up, "how dare you say that you are Gen. Grant?"

"The private tied his handkerchief around his head."

"Well," he stammered, "if you'd do this to Gen. Grant, what wouldn't you have done to Jim Jobbins?"

Satisfied.

Every man shall receive his own reward, according to his own labor.

COL. WIGHT ACCEPTS POST



Col. Pearl Wight, of New Orleans, the Republican national committee-man of Louisiana, has accepted the post of commissioner of internal revenue, to become effective on December 1.

would wait until the Faneuil hall kind made their appearance.

The True Phonetic Speller.

The child is the true phonetic speller. Mr. Roosevelt, as Kipling might say, is a bloomin' amateur beside him—or her. Little Esie had been staying in a quiet woodland place—the Cockney girlie was convalescent from a severe illness. Her letters home were full of the joys of country life, and reckless spelling. "The lanes and meddows (she wrote to a girl friend in London) is crammed wiv luvly flours. I got bofe hands full. Bootiful Star Annie Moans, Prim Roses, Daiseys and Butter Cups and Jhon Quills—o my!" And the adult into whose hands the artless letter fell wondered if spelling were not a vastly over-rated accomplishment!

The Same Species.

"Did you ship that load of elephants' ears to the florist on the suburban express?"

"No. I thought it would be more in order to send them on the trunk line."—Baltimore American.

Lucid.

Finally Archimedes, who for an hour had been patiently guiding the mind of his pupil through a demonstration of an abstruse mathematical problem, was rewarded by the gleam of intelligence that appeared in the young Athenian's eye.

"And dost thou see the light, lad?"

"Perfectly," was the enthusiastic response. "It had me stumped at first, I'll admit, but it's really absurdly simple. The whole thing is like Greek to me."—Puck.

FRAIL SUPPORT FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



LOOSE SAND
BLUE LONDON CLAY

The entire weight of London's famous landmark rests upon a six-foot slab of pot-earth, and this is now crumbling, allowing Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece to crack badly in several places and show other signs of a dangerous subsidence.

Natural Aversion to Stripes.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has seldom been tempted to exercise his detective talent outside of the covers of his books: "If I undertook to unravel the entanglements of other people I believe I would fail," he modestly declared the other day. Once, however, he solved what might have been a puzzle to some people. "I was in a tailor's shop while a rather unattractive man was selecting a pair of trousers. He flatly objected to striped material, and I got the idea that he was

a former convict. To satisfy myself I visited a number of prisons, and, sure enough, I found the man's picture in the rogue's gallery. Doubtless he had had enough of striped wearing apparel!"

A Head for Business.

"Dat automobile done killed five chickens while it was goin' down de road," said Miss Miami Brown.

"Yes," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "but de fusk cost of de machine is too much to make de investment profitable."

VAST DRINKING CUP

NEW YORK TO HAVE RESERVOIR HOLDING 40,000,000,000 GALLONS.

Additional Water Supply to Be Provided by the Construction of a Great Lake in the Catskills.

New York city, that great hive of humanity, is a hard drinker—of water, and no sooner does she complete one source of supply at millions of dollars' expense than forthwith she discovers that the supply is inadequate for her ever growing demands and she immediately sets about providing for more. When the Croton reservoir was completed, it was generally supposed that the city would have enough water to drink, enough to bathe in and enough to use for laundry and other purposes for years to come, but it seems that the 32,000,000 gallon capacity of the Croton reservoir is but a beginning of wet times for the big city and that a 40,000,000,000 gallon supply is to be provided in addition by the construction of the Kensico reservoir that is to be built in Westchester county in the Catskills, 100 miles away.

There, in the very heart of the county, a lake is to be constructed more than four miles in length and averaging about half a mile in width. It will be the storage reservoir for the immense volume of water that is poured down from the Catskill counties.

To build this big lake one entire town and part of another will have to be wiped out, while many farmers will have to give up their homes. But for the inconvenience which Westchester folks suffer they will be compensated many fold by having a lake of great scenic beauty.

Some idea of the immensity of this storage is afforded in the fact that it will be 30 miles around its shore line. That is a good deal further than a man would want to drive for pleasure on a Sunday afternoon. It will contain an island more than a mile in length, and three beautiful peninsulas ranging from half a mile to one mile in length will jut out into its crystal body.

This lake will be located in the townships of Mount Pleasant, Harrison and North Castle. It will begin at Valhalla, where the present Kensico reservoir dam is located, and will extend north through valleys formed by an arm of the Bronx and the Bear-gutter rivers.

The new dam, which will be 2,000 feet long at the top, will extend across the valley along the line of the roadway. About 20 buildings in the lower

part of Valhalla, including a hotel, three or four small stores, the New York water supply station and several houses, will be wiped out. What remains of the lower part of the village will lie just below the great dam.

The new Kensico reservoir will be fed by an aqueduct 17½ feet in height and almost as wide, which will extend 60 miles from the great collecting reservoir at Esopus. This aqueduct is larger than the single bore subway tunnel under the City Hall park. A man could almost drive a team of horses and a furniture van through it. The above picture shows a cross section of the aqueduct. It will be made mostly of cement and will be covered all the way down from Esopus.

The aqueduct which will feed the Kensico reservoir will follow the west bank of the Hudson down to Storm King. Wherever it is possible the huge cement main will be laid in the



Section of the Big Aqueduct.

side of the river bank. At Storm King the aqueduct will cross the Hudson.

A shaft will be sunk on the west bank of the river, between 600 and 1,000 feet deep, until solid rock is struck. Down this precipice the flood from the Catskills will plunge, then through a horizontal tunnel under the river to the east bank, where it will rise again through a perpendicular shaft and continue on its way toward the Westchester reservoir.

Before it gets to the storage reservoir it will take another plunge down into the bowels of the earth when it comes to the new Croton reservoir. The engineers will go down in this place until they strike rock, just the same as in the crossing of the Hudson. This billions of gallons of water will go racing under other billions of gallons, all of which eventually will go to quench New York's thirst and keep it clean.

The present system now supplies the city with between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000 gallons a day. The addition of the Catskill system will more than double the supply.

SAVED BY BEETLE.

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE WROUGHT BY LITTLE BUG.

Discovered on the White Sheet It Drives the Fair Occupant to Another Room and to Safety.

During the nine years we had lived at our house we had not seen one mouse, or rat, or black beetle!

This was something to be proud of when one considers the swarms of these pests that are to be found in many suburban houses, in spite of traps and poison.

Only a few evenings before the night of the adventure in question we had been discussing these household pests, and mother had given us some thrilling descriptions of the mice which infested the old Suffolk farmhouse in which she was born and brought up.

On the night when the incident I am about to describe occurred, I went upstairs to my bedroom and undressed, noticing nothing unusual at all until I turned back the bedclothes from my bed to get in. There, right in the center of the bed, and crawling on the sheet on which I should myself have lain, was a huge black beetle, the first and only one we ever saw in that house.

I recoiled with horror, for black beetles were the one thing above all others which I could not stand, and I ran from the room. On the stairs I met my sister, who shared the room with me. We went back to the room, and the beetle was still in the same place.

My sister knocked the loathsome creature from the bed and attempted to tread on it, but soon as it touched the ground it scuttled away and was lost in an instant. Although we hunted for some time, we could find no trace of it. It had completely vanished.

However, I was not able to reconcile myself to sleeping in that bed, or indeed that room, on that particular night, having vague fears that the beetle would return to the bed and

share it with me, which I think would have been enough to drive me out of my senses.

My sister and I therefore, after having another look for the beetle, not forgetting to search in the other bed, but without avail, went to another room, intending to spend the night there. This we did, and in the morning we returned to our own bedroom to dress.

On opening the door, what was our surprise to find that the bed in which I had originally intended to sleep, had not been for the beetle, was completely smothered with huge pieces of plaster from the ceiling!

The other bed in the room, incredible as it may sound, was absolutely untouched save for the dust which had been caused by the fall!

Had I slept in the bed it was practically certain that I should have been killed, or at any rate severely injured. The remarkable part of the story is that there had been on the previous evening no cracks in the ceiling, or any other sign that it was likely to collapse in the near future.

My family continued to live in that house for several years, and indeed they still live there, although I have left home, but from that day to this there has been absolutely no sign of a black beetle in that or any other room of the house.

A Professional Opinion.

The Gentleman Farmer (anxiously)—What in the world, Uncle Tooterly, do you suppose is the matter with my hens? Why, this morning I found six of them lying on their backs, cold and stiff, with their feet sticking up in the air.

The Ancient Man (after a suitable season of cogitation)—Yer hens is dead, Mr. Cittyly.

Had the Best of Him.

Mrs. N. Peck—Sir! Before I married you I was used to having the best of everything.

Mr. N. Peck—And you do still, my dear. For when I proposed you said that I was everything to you, and ever since you've always got the best of me.

COULDN'T COMPLY.

The solemn-looking man with the white cravat had been shown up stairs by the dime-hungry bell-hop in a Parkersburg (W. Va.) hotel.

Anon the cadaverous face of the sepulchral guest appeared before the deskman, and from said face came these words:

"Sorry, but I'll have to leave you."

"Why, aren't you the gentleman who just registered and went to his room?"

"The same."

"Isn't the room all right?"

"Nothing wrong that I could see. But I read the rules stuck up beside my door, and I found I couldn't comply with them; so I—"

"Why, what rules couldn't you comply with?"

"Well, there was one saying 'Valuables and jewels must be left with the clerk.' Now, I haven't any to leave with you, so can't you see—"

BACON RIDGE SNAKE STORY.

"Jokes are jokes," drawled the old postmaster, "but 'gosh, some jokes are pretty serious.'"

"Who has been playing jokes now?" asked the windmill agent.

"Why, Zeke Weatherby, the village cut-up. Yeou see, stranger, that was a circus here last week and Zeke stole an egg from the nest of the biggest snake in the show and put it in Hiram Hardapple's incubator. The egg hatched out and the snake swallowed all the chickens. Then, by heck, he began to grow like 40 and pretty soon he swallowed the incubator. Then he swallowed the prize calf and was just about to swallow Hiram when the hired man speared him with a pitchfork. Yeas, stranger, some jokes are pretty serious."—Chicago Daily News.

The Limit.

Biggs—The Dopsions are very exclusive, I understand.

Diggs—Yes. Indeed. Why, they even have wire screens on their doors and windows so their flies can't get out and associate with the flies of their neighbors.—Chicago News.

THE END OF THE FUED

By SOPHIE SWETT

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Mrs. O'Shane and Mrs. McGrath lived much more than each other, as they were wont to express it, in a lane which led to the river from the main street of Brewerton, and were usually on the friendliest and most neighborly terms. They possessed the same tastes and aspirations, and husbands who had been to school together in the "old country," and were still warm friends, never falling out, and taking the greatest enjoyment in each other's society. They were thrifty people, and each owned a cozy little house and barn, a garden patch and a "bit" pasture where a tidy cow fed in the summer.

Moreover, the McGraths' Henry, a freckle-faced youth who filled the important position of grocer's clerk in the village, was sparking the O'Shanes' Rose, a slip of a girl with the bluest eyes in the country. So, take it altogether, the relations between the two families were uncommonly delightful, until Mrs. O'Shane, possessed by the "spirit of the new," lost all interest in her hens and ducks, and sought turkeys as a source of the mind and a filler of the purse.

"Any hin could bring off a clutch of turkeys, shurre, 'n' also enough, too, 'n' never know they didn't be iv her own kind," she remarked to Mrs. McGrath, in whose own breast she had aroused the same desires. At the end of the next year both dames were the proud possessors of two especially fine gobblers; each gobbler had two prim, mottled wives, and each wife trailed with her about the fields a melancholy half-grown flock, whose plaintive peeping filled the early autumn dusk with sadness and woke the fresh, rosy mornings to the same tune.

The two cocks were as much alike as two peas. It was difficult to tell them apart until Mrs. O'Shane discovered one day that "her own lad," as she called him, "had a bit ev holier in his back," and the feathers on the cracker's back were less tick than those of me lad over yonther."

Every morning, while the mists were still hanging over the river, both flocks of turkeys filed out of the lane in stately procession en route to the sweet mint-smelling fields, the gobblers at the head, solemn and grand, and every twilight they marched back again in the same manner.

But, alas, one unhappy night, only one gobbler returned, and Mrs. O'Shane and Mrs. McGrath each claimed that one as her own.

It happened most unfortunately that a dog belonging to a party of boys was rushing through the lane at that moment and mischievously dashed at the flock, and as Mrs. McGrath expressed it, "the gobbler was that distraeiled and pit out iv his mind w'd the fright, that he turned in at the nearest path, the cracker, and the nearest path was forinst the O'Shanes' back door, had cess to it."

A gloom settled upon the little neighborhood and a fierce war raged between the two dames. The husbands, peace-loving, non-partisan cronies as they were, were forbidden to speak to each other. Mrs. O'Shane's imminent son-in-law was shooed from her door, when at twilight his heart and feet led him as usual toward the object of his affections, the blue-eyed Rosy.

"Ooman alive, why don't yez be after settlin' this unforchinate affair w'd the gobbler someway," spoke Mr. McGrath, "and not be thyrin' to saze the gobbler that do be at the O'Shanes' all the time. Mike says he haven't his supper last night till 'most bed-time, because his wife have to sthand guard over the cracker. I'll not sthand this quarlin' an' fightin' ony longer. The t'ing's got to be settled in some way. The Jedge is your old master and him 'n' meself both wurked fur Mike in tolmes past, 'n' a good man he do be, wise as a abbeey owl, and just as the saints thim-selves."

"I niver will," exclaimed Biddy, but she knew very well that she would do so in the end, for though Teddy was an awful quiet man, when he did "spake, he maned it, and somehow or another, a body had to do just as said, whativ'er."

That night when Mr. McGrath returned from work he announced that the judge would be "greable of the two ladies would bring themselves and their witnesses along w'd em to his barn at nine o'clock in the morning."

Biddy stormed awhile, but was ready at the time appointed. Witnesses who would swear that the remaining gobbler belonged to her were hard to find, but she seized upon the "felly that peddled horse-radish," who was pretty sure, by the expression of the villain's countenance, that he was the one that had such marked objections to his red sweater that he flew onto his back one morning, clawing and swearing at the top of his voice. Then there was a boy who lived by the river, whose goat had been overfed with rag-dolls by Billy O'Shane until he just escaped death from acute indigestion.

Mrs. O'Shane was to take the poultryman who came around in a cart to buy and sell fowls, and had observation. Her crows, Mrs. Slattery, who had been most acquainted with the gobbler ever since he "chipped the shell, shurre," and was as intimate with him as her own brother; and Mr. Donahoe, who was out of work and once had difficulty with Mrs. McGrath concerning a boundary-line, was willing to testify that he "belaved the cracker was in the custody of his rightful owner."

After hearing all the evidence the judge expressed himself as being unable to decide the case at the present time. The testimony of the witnesses was most satisfactory. "There is only one thing that can be done," he said. "Let the gobbler decide it for himself. Go into the garden and let him go to the fields with the young flock."

When he comes back at night he will surely seek his own fold."

"An' hum bein' shut oop by Ellen O'Shane for a wake or more, the cracker. Av coorse he'd go back till her. A pritty coort this do be. I'll niver 'bide by it, Judge, niver. Me lad don't be chated away from me so alay," shouted Mrs. McGrath.

"He hasn't been out in the meantime, Biddy, and I have no doubt but that he would go back to your coop, if he really belonged to you. I have had experience with turkeys myself."

"They do be on their habits drid-ful," remarked Mrs. Slattery. "You couldn't bate him w'd a stick till they'd dhrop em. Mebbe he would go home till you, Biddy."

Mrs. McGrath began to sob, and regarded the gobbler plaintively as she started on her way home behind the cart which conveyed him.

The gobbler was released from the coop immediately on his return home, according to the judge's directions, and recovering his spirits with surprising suddenness, headed the turkey family in dignified procession toward the fields. Mrs. McGrath, still sobbing, refused to be a spectator of the scene, but retired at once to the kitchen, where she solaced herself with unlimited and very black cups of tea in the sympathetic company of Mrs. Slattery, who expressed an opinion that there was "nothing like tay for a aggravation."

When the early twilight was beginning to fall, and the flock might be expected home at any moment, the lane was well filled with the friends of both families, and the fence quite black with delighted small boys of the neighborhood, who anticipated much fun when the gobbler should finally dispose of himself.

"They're coming, they're coming!" shouted the boys on the fence, tumbling to the ground with gleeful yells.

Nearer and nearer came the sleepy, speckled, straggling procession, himself at the head, bearing himself with not quite his usual dignity, and wonderful to say, quite in the rear, with



Marked Objection to His Red Sweater.

a lame leg, to which a long string was attached, hobble the lost gobbler, sleek and shining and important, in spite of his misfortune.

Mrs. McGrath nearly fell from her chair.

The leading gobbler, without a moment's hesitation, turned in at the O'Shanes' gateway, but the lame one in the rear, after a queer but joyous gobble or two, and a peculiar ducking of his scarlet head, made straight for the coop in the McGraths' back yard.

"Oh, me b'y, me b'y, what hurted ye that cool?" exclaimed Mrs. McGrath, taking him in her arms as she might have taken a baby. "What spalpeen stioled ye, shurre?"

The crowd shouted and hurrahed lustily, but the boys were evidently disappointed at the tame ending of the affair, and went away grumbling that there was "no fightin' and no nothin'."

"I told you that they had their habits on 'em awful," said Mrs. Slattery, who had repaired to the coop with her friend to hold in the entertainment of the returned wanderer. "You see he knew where to come, jist, 'n' hum been gone a wake 'n' more."

Just then Ellen O'Shane slipped in at the door bearing a plate of something hot and savory.

"I thought the lad might relish a bit of hot Johnnycake; I made it with our crame, an' there's nothin' me own lad is so fond of, shurre, especially when he don't feel jist roight. I'm terrible glad you got hum back, Biddy, dear."

Biddy choked down a sob. "Thank you, kindly, Ellen," she said, "n' mebbe you'll come in fur a sup o' tea bime-by, and I have a nice little can of barbery preserve pit by for ye, seein' ye didn't make any yerself. I wonder where Honery do be. I want him till he put an' extry fasthenin' on the door, shurre. If he was stioled onct, he might be stioled ag'in, the poor cracker."

"He's gone a walkin' with Rosy by the river, glory be, 'n' I'll help ye, meself. Meeself is as good as any man w'd a fasthenin'," said Mrs. O'Shane.

So the night settled down peacefully and happily in the lane by the river.

Servants and Eggs.

Mrs. Phelps Stokes, in an address in New York, said of the servant question:

"Are there not too many mistresses who treat their servants as the lady did in buying eggs? This lady entered a shop and said:

"Have you eggs?"

"Yes, madam," said the shopman.

"Well," said the lady, "I want a dozen absolutely fresh eggs for myself, and—she touched the arm of her maid, who stood beside her—and a half dozen not quite so fresh for my maid here."

His First Thought.

"That," said Senator Beveridge of a witicism, "was quaintly put. It is like the remark of the old veteran 'This aged man, going from his room one night to let out the cat, stumbled on the landing and pitched headlong down into the hall.'"

"Why, Silas," called his wife, "is that you? Did you fall downstairs?"

"Yes," grunted the old fellow, rising slowly. "Yes, I did, and for about a minute and a half I thought I'd lost my pension."

Simple Muscle Exercises



WITHOUT FLEXING THE ELBOW. THE FRONT KICK

Curiously enough certain exercises which rid the hips of much superfluous fat are the very ones which have the opposite effect with overslim mortals, and the reason for it is that the exercise brings about a balance between food and nourishment—two vastly different things by the way.

Drop the hand in front of you, letting the finger tips rest upon the leg. Then raise the leg without bending it at the knee and let the fingers slip down toward or below the knee. Don't let the arm bend, either. Lower the foot again, going through both the raising and lowering as deliberately as possible. Then try the same exercises with the other leg and arm.

Drop the arm at the side and let the finger tips touch, as before. Then, gradually raise the leg in a sort of sidekick, letting the hand slip down without flexing the elbow, and lower the foot as gradually to the ground again.

The hardest of all the exercises to follow is that in which the slow backward kick is made. What makes it so hard is that there must be no bending of the knee nor of the elbow, for that matter. What is a most satisfactory feature of it is that practice results in a marked difference in the length of the kick. That exercise, by the way, develops the upper part of the arm splendidly, the strain of keeping the arm straight and the hand from resting lightly against the leg making a pull on the muscles which rounds them out in surprising fashion.

FOLDING PARASOLS AGAIN.

Fashion of Forty Years Ago Revived and Improved Upon.

When men and women now 50 were small boys and girls parasols were made with hinged handles. Later came a time when these parasols went entirely out of use, supplanted by more modern parasols with solid sticks.

Now folding handle parasols have come in again, and there are now to be found also—these were never heard of in old times—folding handle umbrellas.

The handle of the old-fashioned folding parasol was secured and held in position when set straight by means of a sliding band, and unless this band fitted very nicely and snugly the handle was likely to wobble more or less.

The modern folding handle umbrella or parasol has joints so made that when the umbrella is set up complete for use the joints are invisible and the whole handle is as rigid as a solid stick. Instead of being held together when straightened out in place by a sliding band, the sections of the handle of a modern folding umbrella are screwed together.

A 24-inch folding umbrella, with handle and tip folded, can be laid diagonally inside of a 24-inch suit case. Big, modern, long-stick parasols are now made with handles jointed so that they can be carried in trunks.

There are now made for those who desire them umbrella cases of sole leather, the umbrella case being a slender and tapering but stout leather holder of size sufficient to contain a folding handle umbrella with the handle folded.—N. Y. Sun.

YELLOW SHADES ARE LIKED.

In Combination With White They Are Very Effective.

All of the yellow shades are much worn and the idea of combining them with white is very effective; likewise, in contrast to the fashion, is introducing a bit of dark color upon most of the light frocks. Though exceedingly pretty in the smart materials, yellow is not an easy color to wear, and it is also clammy in the matter of association with other colors. It looks well combined with brown and certain shades of very dark green, but unless one is sure of her harmony it is safer to cling to self-trimmed or white.

The porcelain and subdued shades of even white are better than the clear, cold tints. A yellow background in the nets is admirable for the border effects, so much the rage in Paris just now. Paquin is showing a model built over satin, embroidered around the hem of the skirt with a design of roses worked in the loveliest shades of leaf green and celestial blue, with touches of dark brown. There are telling touches of green, blue and brown about the bodice.

Chic Chip Hats.

Hats of chip are delightfully restful in a pale shade of green, with big mauve roses all across the front and branches of leaves, with a big choux of mauve ribbon beneath the brim and a china blue picture straw rucked with mauve, green, blue and pink ribbons of delicate pastel hue. A pale blue chip wreathed with big blue and white wings spread across the front and a black chip with clusters of velvet azaleas in many tones of pink are also attractive.

A New Skirt.

Something new in a skirt, or rather the detail of a skirt, was noticed at a recent wedding. The skirt was circular, very close at the top and full at the bottom, and had a straight seam up the center front. About 16 inches from the floor, in the center front, the fine supple cloth of the gown was cut away, leaving a sort of inverted heart-shaped opening at the top some eight inches wide, widening out to 14 inches at the bottom, showing underneath in a slightly

Sleeveless Silk Jackets.

Over soft summer frocks of silk or satin without sleeves,

NECKWEAR OF THE MOMENT.

Smart Looking Accessories, Both Tailored and Lingerie.

Tailored and lingerie neckwear is particularly smart looking this year because of the lines on which the stocks, ties and collars are made. In addition to the stylish cut of these new model neckpieces, all are fashioned in a variety of ways that add to their practical service and incidentally make them suitable for all occasions, for a plain stock, collar or tie appropriate for morning use may be bought in any of the most approved shapes, while the same models, elaborately embroidered or trimmed with real lace, can be purchased for dressy afternoon wear.

Stocks with tabs, long and short, wide, narrow and cut on the bias, in plain or embroidered models are again in favor for use with both plain and lingerie waists. The decorative designs used are quite large and distinctive, some of them being scroll patterns with lace inserts, others are in floral devices with openwork embroidery.

In collars plain and embroidered models are worn. The latter just now are most popular, probably because of the dainty lingerie ties that are used to harmonize with this style of neckwear, for often the design on the stiff linen neckpiece is carried out on the ends of the sheer lawn or batiste scarf.

As the ties are worn with these collars, some of them are decidedly ornate, being finished at the ends with embroidery or inserts of real lace in odd medallions.

CRYSTALLINE IN ALL SHADES.

Is One of the Most Popular of the Transparent Textures.

One of the most popular of the transparent textures is crystalline, and this is seen in all shades from white to the deepest tones of pink, blue and mauve. An exquisite crystalline gown was of deep watermelon pink, the bodice handsomely embroidered in different tones of pink, while the sleeves and the tiny Dutch yoke were of white lace embroidered in gold. The skirt had wide bands of gold and pink embroidery running down each seam to within a few inches of the hem. There was a fitted girle, with long sash ends finished off with sewing silk tassels, for the dress, and this belt was of dull Japanese blue, a favorite combination this year and one which if carried in just the right shade of pink and blue is most artistic as well as being delightfully unusual.

The exaggeratedly high, stiff collars have much to bring back the collarless Dutch yoke, for where a high collar must be worn with every style of outdoor dress a comfortable collar or a collarless waist is more than ever welcome in the house gown.

Sashes Are In.

The mousme sash is the thing to wear with white frocks all summer and also with evening gowns. The sash is made of thin crushable taffeta, a ribbon usually satin edged, and is half a yard wide and about four yards long. It is tied at the back with long loops and ends and worn indiscriminately with everything, from cloths and linen to tulle. All sorts of designs are seen in them, plain being very popular, as well as stripes, the cameo effects being especially exquisite.

AGE OF STEEL CAR.

NEW ERA BEGINNING TO DAWN FOR RAILROADS.

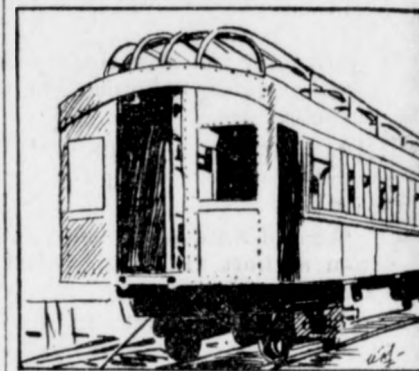
Wooden Car to Give Place to One of Steel Which Will Not Smash or Burn When Train Is Thrown From the Rails.

It is only a question of a few years when all the fine trains of all the roads of the country will be made up of all-steel cars, a condition which will greatly reduce the possibilities of death and injury in railroad accidents. One large road has already inaugurated the plan of as rapidly as possible substituting steel cars for the wooden type of cars, and is at present constructing 200 cars which even to the decorations and trimmings are of incombustible and unsmashable materials. It is comparatively a simple matter to build a freight car which will not burn, but a passenger car, which must be furnished and decorated to meet modern demands, presents unusual difficulties. The ordinary materials used by the decorator and upholsterer must be replaced by clever imitations. The car frames, the structural portions and the outside sheathing are of course of steel, no other material being suitable. Much of the interior work of the cars again is made of steel, which can be worked up into innumerable forms. In order to imitate wood, sheets of composite material made of compressed vegetable pulp or asbestos are used. Another form of decorative material consists of sheets of steel to which fibre or asbestos board has been glued.

The coverings used for the seats and even the carpets on the floors are chemically treated to render them proof against fire. The floors of the cars are covered with corrugated steel plates which are covered with cement. Even the paints used in the cars are so composed that they will not produce any smoke or dangerous fumes in case of fire. The construction of steel cars has become of late years not only a science but an art. It will soon be possible for one to travel in a car and enjoy every luxury of modern travel with the assurance that these palaces on wheels are not death traps. The first of these inflammable cars were merely designed for ordinary day travel, but it is the plan eventually to have all types of cars constructed with the same care. Several types of sleeping cars, dining cars and combination cars have been designed and are

now in process of construction.

The history of railroad accidents shows that the breaking up of passenger cars is very common. A considerable proportion of the injuries and of the lives lost is therefore due to the weakness of car construction. The new cars are so designed that they may roll completely over without danger of collapse. A long series of experiments have been carried on of late to determine the exact strain upon cars in a variety of accidents. The exact force exerted in a head-on collision, for instance, has been measured within a few pounds. The cars, having been constructed as the result of these measurements, will, it is be-



Steel Passenger Coach, Partially Completed.

lieved, be capable of withstanding any strain which may be placed upon them.

The development of the steel passenger car has been the work of but a few years. When steel cars were proposed for the New York subway not a single car builder in the country was in a position to furnish them. One of the earliest of these cars was a 58-foot passenger coach with a steel frame and a steel outside sheathing as high as the roof. The roof was made of wood covered with copper. A single car of this type contained 1,500 pounds of wood. The next car, completed in November, 1907, contained practically no wood. Designs are now being prepared for a 70-foot dining car which will contain but 300 pounds of wood, the car being constructed of steel and composite board. An all steel sleeping car has recently been completed and is now on exhibition at the Jamestown exposition. It closely resembles the standard wooden car except in the finishing of its interior, which is a delicate pearl gray in color instead of the usual highly polished natural wood.

A FRESH AIR SHACK

CONTRIBUTION WHICH YALE PROFESSOR MADE TO HUMANITY.

Invents Portable Shelter by Which Out of Door Sleeping for Consumptive Patients Is Made Easy.

The efficacy of the fresh air treatment in the curing of consumption is no longer a theory, but an accepted fact, and hundreds and thousands of persons afflicted with tuberculosis are sleeping and living out of doors. Much difficulty and inconvenience attend the providing of patients with outdoor sleeping facilities, and it has remained for a Yale professor, Irving Fisher, occupying the chair of political economy, and himself a victim of tuberculosis, cured by the open air treatment, to devise a portable tent or shack which is hailed with delight by physicians as likely to be of great service in the war waged by science upon some of the worst diseases which afflict mankind. In addition to this tent he has invented a mechanical diet indicator for the use of physicians in accurately determining the precise amounts and kinds of food elements needed in the treatment of various forms of dyspepsia, diabetes, and other diseases.

There is a decided probability that Bellevue hospital will adopt the Fisher mechanical diet indicator. If it does so, it will be the first hospital in America to institute a scientific method in the prescribing of diet, a method which many hospital superintendents and physicians generally declare to be a need of the first importance in hospital work and in ordinary medical practice.

Besides his new tent and the diet indicator, Prof. Fisher has also invented a new machine for the testing of endurance. It has been installed in the gymnasium at Yale University, and is there used in elaborate experiments Prof. Fisher has been conducting with athletes and others in order to discover the relative strength of flesh eaters and vegetarians. There are no patents on Prof. Fisher's contrivances. Everybody may construct and use them.

HE DISLIKED PESSIMISM.

"I suppose," he said, approaching her father's desk and furtively looking for the quickest and easiest way out in case haste became necessary. "I suppose you—ah—have noticed that—that your daughter and—and—" "Well? I have a daughter. You are correct in that assumption. Go on."

"You may have noticed that your daughter and—and I have—ah—been—ah—I may say rather good friends for several months past."

"The fact has not escaped my notice."

"Your daughter, if I may—ah—say so, is very beautiful."

"Thank you kindly for this testimonial. Her mother and I have always thought that she was, as you say, very beautiful. But parents are sometimes poor judges in these matters. I am glad that your opinion agrees with ours."

"Miss Allingham, in addition to being beautiful, has always lived in luxury."

"Yes, it would be only fair to call it that."

"You may never have felt sufficient interest in me to make any inquiries concerning my condition in life. I feel—ah—therefore, that it is my duty—first of all—to inform you that I am not rich. I have a fair salary for a man of my age, but my income would probably seem very small to you."

"That would depend."

"May I—ah—ask you what?"

"On whether I was getting it myself or providing it for somebody else."

"Ah, yes, I understand. I suppose it would be useless for me to expect, seeing that my income is only a few thousand dollars a year and being, as I am, without any hope of inheriting money, for me to—ah—to ask you—ah—to—ah—"

"Oh, come, confound it, I hate pessimism. Cheer up. You may have her."

—Chicago Record Herald.

Egotistical.

Him—Won't you give me just one kiss?

Her—Yes, I'll give you one—if you'll promise not to ask for another.

Him—Oh, after the first one you'll do the asking.—Chicago News.

PLAYED BATTLE AIRS IN CELL.

Finn, with Old Violin, Astonished Southern District Police.

Baltimore, Md.—Playing the weird battle songs of the day when the giant Norsemen and bold Finns were kings of the Northern seas, Otto Wall, a Finlander, broad of shoulder and deep of chest, consoled himself the other day while locked up at the Southern police station.

The instrument was an old violin. As particular strains, furious or tender, would now and then reverberate through the cellroom Wall's face would light up or grow dark as the mood overcame him. Apparently the old violin was in the hands of a master, for during it all the melody and harmony which flowed from the deft touch of his bow stirred caught the fancy and drew expressions of delight from everyone who stopped and listened.

Wall can not speak a word of English. He was arrested by Special Officer Scott, of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad company for being on the company's cars. The train on which he was caught had just arrived from Pittsburgh, and to all questions asked of the Finlander he would discontentedly shake his head, holding tight to the violin.

It was only for a while that Wall was particularly anxious about his welfare, and that was when the turnkey took away his beloved violin. He grew angry, but subsided as the violin was handed back to him. Because the railroad company did not prosecute Wall he was dismissed by Magistrate Leake.

DOG MEAT GERMAN DELICACY.

Consul Says 7,000 Animals Were Made Into Sausage Last Year.

Washington, Germany is a great consumer of "hot dogs." This fact is made known to the state department by Consul General Iff at Annaberg. He says that 7,000 canines of different breeds were slaughtered and consumed, most likely in the form of hot sausages, in Germany during the past year. Horse flesh is evidently more of a common food supply and is not the relish that "dog" seems to be, according to the report, for 182,000 horses gave up their lives to be human food during the same period.

"Horse flesh is very generally advertised in the German papers," says Consul Iff, "especially in the large industrial centers, and most German cities have at least one market which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of beef, veal, mutton or pork. Neither is it unusual to find advertisements of dog meat, or for the purchase of dogs for slaughter. In the city of Cassel recently the police, in searching for a lost dog, discovered a private slaughter house, and arrested the proprietors, who were apparently making a regular business of stealing and killing dogs."

In the city of Chemnitz alone Consul Iff reports 698 dogs were slaughtered for human food in 1906, this being an increase of 88 over the previous year.

NOTED OLD WOLF IS KILLED.

Only One of Kind Seen in Pennsylvania for Fifteen Years.

Altoona, Pa.—The belief generally held by zoologists that the native gray wolf has been extinct in Pennsylvania for more than 15 years was disproved by the killing, near Hollidaysburg, by Jacob Royer, of an unusually large specimen, which has been terrorizing farmers of that vicinity for three years. The beast was killed while devouring a lamb near the Royer farm. It was regarded as a noted animal hereabouts.

More than 50 sheep have been killed in the last three years, and the county has reimbursed farmers for their loss, it being believed that dogs had destroyed them. The destruction is now charged to the wolf.

Prior to this a gray wolf has not been seen in Pennsylvania since 1892, when one was killed near Ligonier, Westmoreland county. The appearance of the animal in Pennsylvania is rather mysterious. Prof. Clyde Todd, of the Carnegie institute, Pittsburgh, came to Blair county to examine it, discrediting the story that it was a gray wolf. He is now convinced that it was a survivor of the packs which used to roam our forests. The animal will be mounted and placed in the Pittsburg institute.

STEAL SAFE IN SUNKEN VESSEL.

Thieves Go to Bottom of Harbor and Carry Off \$50,000.

New York.—Details of a safe robbery which easily puts to shame anything in that particular line ever credited to progressive American "yeggmen" were brought to New York the other day by John L. McPherson and Simon Grant, divers, who returned from Hayti on the Gracia. They made the discovery that a safe containing valuables worth \$50,000 had been stolen from the admiral's quarters in the Haytian gunboat Cret la Perrot, which has been on the bottom of Gonaves harbor for five years.

Haytian officials were astounded at the discovery and could not find the slightest clue to the identity of the submarine thieves.

McPherson and Grant had no difficulty in finding the sunken ship nor in locating the admiral's room. But when they sought the safe they found that it had been taken away. The condition of the walls where it had stood indicated that it had been removed recently.

Young Fish Given New Job.

Muskogee, I. T.—Working in the capacity of assistant station agent for the Frisco railroad, Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., son of the ex-president of the Illinois Central, is in this city. The young man has been here for a week, but his identity became known only the other day.

Little Acts of Kindness.

It is worth while to do even the smallest kindness as we go along the way. Nothing is lost. No downdrop perishes, but sinking into the flower makes it sweeter.—Jerrold.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Miss Georgia Weida of Lebanon is visiting her sister.

James Haden and family are spending a few days in Thithian, Ind. Hershel Davis and wife of Gosport spent Sunday with Jesse Greene and wife.

Mr. Steele of this city and Miss Jessie Jones went to Spencer this morning to spend a few days.

Mrs. J. W. Brown returned to Terre Haute this morning after a visit with John Buis and family.

Fred Bryan spent Sunday at home but the call of the wild lured him back to El River this morning.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society held a called meeting this afternoon to finish up the year's business.

The marriage of Miss Anna Leota Long and Olie G. Akers, both of Reelsville was solemnized in the county clerk's office this morning. Squire Frank performed the ceremony.

The Harrington Stock Co. arrived in this city yesterday a. m. and this morning had the large pavilion pitched ready for business. Mr. E. A. Harrington the owner and manager carries one of the largest and best theatrical organizations under canvas. Tonight the opening play-bill will be "Caprice," a companion piece to "Way Down East." Miss Beatrice Harrington will appear in the leading role of "Rose," a pure innocent girl from the rural districts, the supporting company being exceptionally strong. The band and orchestra carried by this company is guaranteed to be the best of any offered by tented organizations. The prices of admission will be 10 and 20 cents.

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SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES TO RENT.

OPERA HOUSE
Monday Night, July 8th

For the first time in this city will be presented the following Special Stereopticon Views:

PARADISE LOST

- 1st. The Infernal Serpent and his Host of Rebel Angels.
 - 2d. The Arch Fiend Chained on the Burning Lake.
 - 3d. Satan at the Gates of Hell.
 - 4th. Satan Viewing Paradise.
 - 5th. Adam and Eve Refreshing Themselves.
 - 6th. Raphael's Interview with Adam and Eve.
 - 7th. First Fight of Michael and Gabriel Against Satan.
 - 8th. God Creates Fishes and Fowls.
 - 9th. Satan Re-enters Paradise at Night Involved in a Mist.
 - 10th. Satan Finds the Serpent Asleep.
 - 11th. The Serpent Has Beguiled Eve to Eat of the Forbidden Fruit.
 - 12th. Sin and Death Going on Their Mission to Destroy.
- They are from illustrations by Dore, are highly colored and very fine. In addition to the above, the regular Moving Picture Show and Stereopticon Views will be given.

MOVING PICTURES: Amateur first night in Vaudeville Theatre. Retribution. STEREOPTICON Man in Moon.
Admission 10 cents. Children under 12 years 5 cents.

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CUSTOMER

Having had a good number of customers dissatisfied with the Ice Cream we have been handling, we have changed and are now handling instead of the locally manufactured cream the famous JESSUP AND ANTRIM CREAM of Indianapolis. We are now prepared to serve you the best the market affords. This cream stands the pure food and drug test. We deliver in any quantity, any time in the week, any place in town.

D. E. BADGER
F. E. GREEN

West Side Drug Store

Mary Birch, went to Germany last September and studied music and harmony for seven months in Berlin. She was joined by Miss Williams of Iowa, on the third of May and they toured through Rome, Venice and Switzerland together and then met the Birch party at Rotterdam. After Holland and France are finished, they will leave the party and spend a short time in England before sailing homeward from London August 3rd.

Dr. Swahlen and wife leave tomorrow for Quebec, Canada, from which port they sail for Liverpool July 12th. They will make London their headquarters in England and will spend a short time making short trips to various parts of the island.

While in London they expect to receive a letter from their son, Dr. Percy Swahlen, who is in Italy, and they will arrange their trip so as to be with him as much as possible. They will see Italy and Athens, especially, and as much of central Europe as time permits. The homeward journey will be made sometime in September. Mrs. Swahlen's brother, Dr. Hypes, of St. Louis, will accompany them on their trip.

Percy Swahlen has been in Vienna studying medicine at the university for over a year. He will stay at the university until it is over for the summer, after which he will spend a short time in Italy and Constantinople and then join his parents for part of their trip before returning to this country. His position in the St. John's Hospital at St. Louis has been held open for him since Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Arnold will sail from Montreal for Liverpool August 3rd and will spend several weeks visiting the places of interest in England and Scotland, after which they will travel through Central Europe as the spirit prompts and will probably spend sometime in Egypt. They expect to return in six months.

Rev. Henry Ostrom and son Henry, sailed from New York on the 22 of June. Their first plans were to leave the week before but Mr. Ostrom was detained in Winona by the severe illness of Mrs. Rev. Chapman and on account of the shortened time Mrs. Ostrom and two daughters in Ocean Grove will remain for the summer there instead of accompanying her husband. Mr. Ostrom expects to spend a short time in England, France and if possible, Switzerland and return in time for the Battle Ground Camp Meeting where he is scheduled to speak first part of August.

Miss Oldfield sailed June 15th from New York and landed at Plymouth, England, where she spent several weeks. She is in Germany now but will go to Paris to spend the winter. She will return in September 1908. Her mother and sister joined her in New York and expected to be with her most of the time.

Mrs. Burner and two daughters, Misses Oolooah and Lenni, sailed June 6 from New York to Bremen and will spend all of their time in Germany and Switzerland. Mr. Morralier, a graduate of DePauw, who is the Y. M. C. A. work at St. Petersburg will join them in Switzerland and spend his vacation with them. They will return by the middle of September.

Miss Ruth Pyke sailed from New York June 16 and landed in Naples. She was accompanied by a young lady friend from Michigan. They will spend the summer traveling through Central Europe and return by the first of September.

Russell Allen will sail from Boston August 20 and will spend a few days in England. Then he will go to Germany and study in the universities at Heidelberg and Berlin until the next fall. During the Easter vacation he will spend some time in Paris. He will return September, 1908.

Messrs. Charles Whitehair, John Northcott and Robert Rawls sailed from Boston enroute to Manchester June 22. They worked their way over on a cattle ship and will travel through England and Scotland selling Underwood Stereopticon views and if business is prosperous they will spend a short time on the Continent and return about September 1st. Mr. Whitehair is one of the proprietors of the White Pit and Messrs. Northcott and Rawls graduated from DePauw last commencement.

Miss Rosa Marquis and Miss Grace Allen returned lately from spending the winter in study and pleasure-seeking across the waters.

Wanted—Girl for general house work. Best of wages for good girl. Apply to Mrs. F. C. Tilden, 632 E. Seminary street.

TWO WOUNDED IN DUEL

(Continued From First Page.)

four wheeled house.

When Farrow got up to the crowd of men who were now standing about 90 feet from the wagon it was seen that he was mad. He remarked something about being tired of having Myers' horses on his land.

Buis says that he then remarked "Well, Sam, we're all tired of having those horses running over our lots and destroying our property. You haven't had near as much to contend with as we who live nearer. Myers thinks that he owns the whole of Commercial place, I guess."

Myers immediately jumped to his feet and said something about getting even with Buis. "Oh, I guess not said the latter.

Tried to Quiet the Men.

"Now you fellows stop this, you are both hot headed and there is no use of trouble," said Mr. Farmer who feared that something was going to happen. They paid no attention to Mr. Farmer, however.

"Yes, D— you, I'll get even with you, and I'll do it right now. I'll kill you," is what Myers is said to have said as he went into his wagon and got a double barreled shot gun which was standing in the corner.

As he came from the wagon he started to raise the gun to his shoulder. The men were at this time about 90 feet apart. Before the other could raise a hand to stop the affray two shots were fired. Some say the revolver shot was first. Others say the gun shot was first.

Myers Shot Two Times.

Buis who was standing beside a large beach tree jumped behind it as soon as he shot. After Myers had fired the first shot, Buis started to run. Then Myers shot again. Buis continued to run.

Those who had seen the affair did not believe that Myers had been hit. He turned around and laid his gun down and then called to Omer Harman, a 12 year old boy who lives with him, to hitch up a horse. The persons who had witnessed the affair then went to Buis' house. They found that he had been hit on the left side by many of the shots.

All those who live in the neighborhood were attracted by the shooting and went to the scene. Myers by this time was yelling that he had been wounded and was calling to the boy to get on the fastest horse in the barn and hurry to town for a doctor.

One Man May Die of Wound.

Neighbors telephoned and Dr. Tucker and Dr. Hutcheson soon arrived. Dr. Tucker attended Myers who had been carried under the tree. He had him removed to the vacant room in the Simpson cottage. At first it was believed that his wound was fatal but upon examination it was found that it was not necessarily so. The bullet entered his breast and was taken from under the skin on the right side of his back under his arm. It passed through the liver and peritoneum and the victim's condition is critical.

Dr. Hutcheson found that Buis was painfully but not dangerously wounded. He ran from the scene of the shooting to his home. Neither of the men are believed to be seriously injured.

Officers soon arrived but did not place either of the men under arrest. Later in the evening Buis was placed under arrest and an officer was left to guard him during the night. He was brought to jail this morning. The charge upon which he is held is assault with intent to kill. Officer Stone swore out the warrant.

Buis appeared before the mayor

this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock and pled not guilty to a charge of assault with intent to kill. His bond was fixed at fifteen hundred dollars and he was remanded to jail to wait for bondsmen.

STATEMENT BY BUIS

Says That He Put the Revolver in His Pocket Fearing That He Might Have Trouble With Some of the Simpsons.

"As God is my judge, I never thought of Myers, when I put the revolver in my pocket, Sunday morning and started down to the Simpson cottage," were the words of John Buis, Sunday afternoon. "A thought of him never entered my mind until I got down to where the men were and Mr. Farrow drove up the Myers horses and complained about the way they were allowed to run loose. I remarked to him that Myers caused all the neighbors lots of trouble. This angered Myers and he started to abuse me and threatened to kill me. When he came out of his wagon with his gun I believed that he would kill me and shot in self defence. I am not afraid to face any jury with my case and believe that such a body of men would say that I acted purely in self defence."

The Herald will be on sale each evening at Langdon's Book Store and Badger & Green's Drug Store.

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

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Woman's best friend is one that will give her the degree of buoyant health and strength that nature intended for her. Zoa-Phora is that friend. Not a "patent cure all," but just a medicine, scientifically prepared for women only. One that acts directly on the diseased organs through the blood and nervous system, replacing the old worn-out tissues with new, and removing congestion, inflammation and unnatural discharge.

Zoa-Phora is the well woman's friend too, because it keeps her well. Mrs. Edwin Lee, of Addison, Michigan, says: "Pen and ink can never tell what Zoa-Phora has done for me. It is indeed a true and tried friend and has never failed me once." Whether you are sick, ailing, or well, keep a bottle of Zoa-Phora in the house all the time. It will prove a friend in need.

Mrs. Alice Brown, of Valley Junction, Ia., wrote on May 27, 1902, "I wish to tell you that Zoa-Phora has been a wonderful blessing to me. I have been a sufferer for the last ten years from leucorrhoea, and for the last five years with change of life and all its horrors. I took treatment from local physicians in Elkhart, Ind., but received no benefit. Finally I was induced to begin taking Zoa-Phora, and after taking four bottles



Mrs. Alice Brown
Valley Junction, Ia.

my health is restored. I can now do my own work, and I can never thank you enough for the benefits derived from your wonderful remedy." On April 22, 1907, nearly five years later Mrs. Brown writes, "You may still refer any woman to me. I will gladly recommend Zoa-Phora." Does this not prove that the benefit was permanent?

This letter is strong proof of the merit of Zoa-Phora. The only way that you can become positively convinced that Zoa-Phora will do as much for you is to try the medicine yourself. Go to your druggist and ask him for Zoa-Phora; no other explanation will be needed. You will receive the medicine already prepared, compounded in just the right proportions, and put up in a sealed, sterilized, one dollar bottle.

In each package will be found a copy of "Dr. Pengelly's Advice to Women," a medical book, giving interesting and instructive information about all diseases of women and the way to successfully treat them. You can now treat yourself in the privacy of your own home and need not tell your troubles to any one.

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FOR USING THE GAD

Putnamville School Teacher Before
Justice Ashton Charged With Being
Too Strenuous in Maintaining Discipline.

The mayor's office in the fire department building was well filled all morning Monday to hear the details of a case tried before Squire Ashton, in which Miss Flora Hester, a teacher of Putnamville, is accused of cruelty in the punishment of Leland Brown, a pupil of the school. The trouble dates back to last March, when an affidavit charging assault and battery was filed with Squire Ashton by Mrs. Laura Brown, mother of the boy punished.

The plaintiff in the case claims that the whipping was so severe as to leave welts, bruises and marks visible several days after the punishment was administered, and several witnesses were produced to prove this fact. The defendant declares that the boy was unruly, that he refused to obey, and that he was whipped with a small switch only. Witnesses were introduced to prove that two small marks visible on the back might have been caused by other things than the whipping received in school.

Both sides rested their cases at a little after two o'clock. Neither the Prosecuting Attorney nor T. T. Moore, representing the defendant, desired to make any statement to the court. The court declared that the evidence was very conflicting. He believed, however, that discipline should be maintained in the schools. He advised all parents to leave school matters in the hands of the teachers, as he conceived this produced best results. He stated he could see no way open but to find Miss Hester not guilty of the charge of assault and battery and to discharge her from custody.

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Phone 333

The Best
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Prices

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Dry Goods, Notions, Boots
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Makes the most delicious meal in the world, and the place to get it is
Haspel's Meat Market.

Our Meat Market has a well established and enviable reputation for cleanliness, the good quality of its meats and for square dealing.
Northwest Corner Public Square

To the Business Men of
Putnam County

I am making a
New Business
Directory

Of Putnam County. Get your ads ready for the Directory and give them to Miss Minnie Smythe, the Banner reporter, as she will collect them for me.

J. B. Harris Ex-Deputy Recorder
BOX 247